

R&R by Luddleston

Category: Mass Effect Trilogy

Genre: Banter, Drunk Sex, F/M, First Time, Fix-it for the canonical James romance scene bc I don't like it, Friends With Benefits, Friends to Lovers, Oral Sex, Vaginal Sex, just some best friends deciding to bone one time

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Summary:

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“Don’t worry, James, we can spar after and I’ll put your ego right back where it came from.” She pats him on the head like he’s a puppy. “Now what’re you waiting on? Gotta say grace before dinner or something?”

“Nuh-uh, if I’m praying it’s for my life. I’ve seen you snap a man’s neck with these thighs,” James says, because he has. It’s terrifying. And hot. Mostly terrifying.

R&R

Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

Been actually playing ME instead of watching YouTube videos thanks to legendary edition and although my Shep's a one-turian woman, I did watch the James romance scene out of curiosity and my GOD it does not feel right. So I wrote James for the first time in a couple years

anyway here's some bros being hos.

If there's one thing he can say about Shepard's place on the Citadel, it's that the giant flat-screen TV is nice. James remembers watching the World Cup crowded around a single holo-screen with all the kids in his neighborhood. One of those ones where the picture was all orange and fuzzy, you know? So this is a nice change.

She's needed some shore leave, Lola. Sometimes, James thinks she's a bit like Esteban. If she slows down or quiets down too long, her brain gets stuck on stuff, so everything's always fast and loud. But he can do fast and loud. So they're buddies, him and Shepard. They watch the game together. Soccer, Shepard says. *Football*, James corrects her.

He never thought he'd be this close with his C.O., but rank means nada when there's giant sentient robots trying to kill everybody.

The game's dragged on into overtime, and they've finished a couple six-packs between the two of them, some fancy beer that Kaidan had recommended to her. James prefers a cerveza, himself, but it ain't bad.

Some people think it's insensitive or useless that there's still sporting events going on during an intergalactic war, but goddamn, if James isn't thankful. He likes having something to sit on the edge of the couch and yell at the screen about, both of them tense like they're the ones trying to score the tie-breaking goal.

It's comfortable, relaxing in sweatpants, half-empty pizza box on the coffee table, all the lights out so it's not obvious how big and fancy the apartment is. When Shepard gets excited about a move, she smacks him on the knee, and when she trash-talks the other team, James shoves her with his shoulder.

She's remarkably sturdy for such a little lady, but he knows that. He's been laid out on the floor by her.

They're rooting for the Citadel team because they're on the Citadel, and because they're going up against a team from Eden Prime that James has never heard of. If it was somebody from back home, that'd be a different story.

He wonders where Shepard's from. He doesn't think it's Earth.

He's thinking about that when Eden's goalie doesn't quite make it and so he misses the winning shot the first time but it's instant-replayed once, twice, and then a third time in slow-mo.

It's a gorgeous play, half skill, half luck. They're both shouting, because what else is there to do, and Shepard's got him in a hug that's more like a chokehold.

"Hell yes! Hell! Yes! Did you see that shot? Fuckin' *beautiful!*" he yells, clapping her on the bicep since he can't reach her shoulder, because she's leaning over his back to half-strangle him with affection.

"I saw! *Damn*, I didn't think she was gonna make it." She pulls him back and forth in a bit of a tussle and he shoves backward to knock her loose, which only makes her fight back, because it turns out Commander Shepard, the Alliance's Big Damn Hero, is a rowdy drunk. The screen's switched to after-game footage that James couldn't give a shit about, because he's busy trying to wrestle his way out from under Shepard, who's a force to be reckoned with even when she's clumsier than usual.

They're both laughing *hysterically*, because this is the funniest shit that's happened in weeks. When he manages to turn around, he squeezes her in a

bear hug, even knowing he probably *can't* crush tight enough to make her let go. Without armor on, in just a hoodie and an old pair of workout shorts, she's a lot softer, but she's still reinforced titanium underneath.

She shoves him back with a hand over his mouth. He licks it, and she makes a little grossed-out noise, then wipes it on his cheek so he gives her an "*eugh*" right back.

She doesn't even stop to consider it for a second before he kisses him.

He doesn't stop to consider it for a second before he kisses her back.

It doesn't last long, because they can't stop laughing, but there's another one, because they can't stop kissing. She's on him and she's not letting up. He doesn't want her to.

He's thought about this before. 'Course he has. Way back when he'd first met her and he was all starstruck and shit. Back then it was a fantasy, maybe the great Commander Shepard making him her boy-toy or something. Those fantasies blew away real fast when he got to know her, because now she's a person in his head, not a commander. She's Lola. She's the gal who wiped the floor with him and then told him to keep himself alive. Who called fighting a goddamn Reaper 'target practice' and then unleashed a thresher maw to take it off their backs.

She's Shepard.

She's still kissing him. Hard.

He's managed to sit up, his weight on his elbow, and she's got a hand digging into his back right where he's got the N7 inked. He knows his T-shirt's damp with sweat but so's her palm, so whatever. He's got two fists in her hoodie and his tongue in her mouth, giving her all he's got because it's the end of the goddamn world. For her it's been the end of the goddamn world for years. She deserves somebody showing her a good time. Might as well be James.

She pulls back and yanks down the zipper of her hoodie, shucking it off her shoulders. *Damn*, her shoulders. James might be big but Shepard's *defined*. She's powerful.

"Too hot," she said. She's in a T-shirt that she cut the sleeves off of, the Alliance Navy logo so faded it's clear it was from back before she had any fancy titles in front of her name. "We doing this, Vega?"

"Fuckin' on your couch? Yeah, if you're down."

"Cool. Been needing to blow off steam, just didn't wanna push it."

"You know I'm into you, Lola," James said, because he flirts with her more often than he tells her 'good morning'.

She rolls her eyes. "Still didn't wanna push it."

She's pushing it now, though, yanking him around until he's facing the TV again and then pushing *him* back against the couch. It's more comfortable than laying down, he's a little too broad for this particular piece of furniture. And now she can really get in his lap, knees planted on either side of his hips, her whole front pressed against his. She's a little too warm. Biotics, man. They run hot.

She's got an iron grip on the back of his neck and on his shoulder. He's got a hand in her hair and on her back, steadily moving downward. When he stops at her waist she lets go of his shoulder to shove at his forearm. He takes it as a go-ahead to grab her ass. It makes her moan, so he thinks he read it right.

She really is toned *everywhere*. He runs his hands down her thighs, feels scars he never noticed, then back up, against the grain of her hair, fingers dipping beneath the hem of her shorts.

"How you wanna do this, Lola?" he asks, in one of the rare breaks from her mouth on his.

“Dunno, Vega, thought your tongue might be good for something other than running your mouth, maybe.”

“Oh, hell yes,” he said. If he pretends he’s never thought about how she tastes, he’ll have to ask forgiveness for the total fucking lie. “Gonna have to move around a little if you want that.” He rubs at the front of her shorts now and she’s *hotter* here.

“Yeah, I know.” She twists to look over her shoulder, and kicks the coffee table to slide it back. In a surprising moment of dexterity for somebody so drunk, she catches his beer bottle before it spills.

He’s about to say thank you when she just downs the rest of it. Ass. Like she owns the place.

“You tellin’ me you want me on my knees?”

“Sure. Unless you want me to sit on your face or something.”

As hot as that’d be, he kinda thinks it’s more work for her. So he says, “nah, on my knees is good,” and lifts her off him, putting her where he’d been sitting. He’s well aware he can only move her around like that because she lets him.

She chucks a pillow at his face and he thinks she’s trying to start a fight before he realizes she’s being polite. Not that he’d fuck up his knees eating her out any worse than he already does whenever he tries to do those three-point landings on missions. He tucks the pillow beneath his knees anyhow. He wants stamina for this.

She’s giving him this look that’s all lust as he nudges her knees apart.

“Careful, Lola, look at a guy like that for too long and his ego’s gonna get out of control.”

“Don’t worry, James, we can spar after and I’ll put your ego right back where it came from.” She pats him on the head like he’s a puppy. “Now what’re you waiting on? Gotta say grace before dinner or something?”

“Nuh-uh, if I’m praying it’s for my life. I’ve seen you snap a man’s neck with these thighs,” James says, because he has. It’s terrifying. And hot. Mostly terrifying.

“Thane taught me that one, actually.”

“Dammit, Shep, you made me wonder what Drell have between their legs.”

“‘Fraid I don’t have the answer to that,” she says. He couldn’t give a shit about the answer to that anymore, ‘cuz she’s stripping off her t-shirt and he’d been pretty sure she had nothing on underneath it and now that’s confirmed and all he can do is stare.

“Careful, James, look at a guy like that and—“

“Yeah, yeah. Shut up.”

Shepard’s not built like a pinup model or a Fornax star or even any of the girls he fooled around with back before he signed on with the Alliance navy. She’s as lean through the rest of her torso as she is in her shoulders, the kind of muscle that tells James nobody’s exaggerating when they say she fireman-carried Major Alenko out of not one, but *two* gunfights. He was only there for the one. Too bad.

He can feel even more of that muscle as she lifts herself up for a second so he can get her shorts off. Underneath, she’s just wearing plain briefs that look standard-issue but are somehow sexy on her. Look like that and you can make anything look good, James supposes.

“Get those off too,” she complains, but he grabs her around the waist and pulls her closer, mouthing at her through soft black cotton that’s already damp and smells like sex (god, that’s gratifying). “*James.*”

She sounds so pissed-off he outright laughs, and he doesn’t do a great job of muffling it against her thigh, so she grabs his face and tilts his chin up, making him look at her. His angle gets him a real nice view of her breast rising and falling with her breath. She’s wearing her stern, angry face and

it's laughably undercut by her being mostly-naked and flushed and looking like she's just had the life kissed out of her.

He doesn't hide his grin. "Oh come on, you can't handle a tease?"

"I'm gonna turn the game back on if you don't get to it."

He doesn't remark that she never turned the game off in the first place, it just automatically shut off when it ended. There's a time to tease her and there's a time to get her naked and this is so completely the latter.

He doesn't waste a goddamn second getting his mouth on her.

He knows she's already wet but it's a different thing to taste it, to get a first lick of her and have to swallow already. Whether it's him doing it to her or just the fact that it's probably been some time since she's had a chance to get with somebody, he's got no clue.

She's fucking *demanding*, and he never expected anything else. She's pretty quiet (you get quiet after you've gotta sneak around in shared Alliance bunkrooms) but she's got her hand on the back of his head right away, and one knee slung over his shoulders, her other foot planted on the edge of the couch just below where the cushion rests so she can give herself some leverage to grind her cunt up against his face.

How the hell she's underneath him and riding him at the same time, he's not exactly sure, but she's pulling it off. Beautifully. He gives as good as he gets, iron grip on her thighs, his mouth moving over her with no hesitation, not like you forget how to do this. It's all instinct. If he didn't have to keep his hands on her to keep her from grinding so hard she knocks his fucking teeth out, he'd have one hand down his pants already. As it is, he's harder than he can ever remember being and he's got nothing he can do to relieve that 'til she takes pity on him.

She's only loud when she comes. He can feel it before it happens because he's got two fingers in her by that point and she's squeezing around them in a way that makes his cock throb because he knows how good it'd feel. She curses, "*oh fuck, fuck, fuck—*" and then it switches to Krogan and James

has to imagine that whatever she's saying is deeply unsexy because Krogan curses never are, but in her voice, low and rough with feeling, everything's hot.

“*James—*“

His name, as it turns out, is especially so.

Somehow she's the one who just came and he's the one catching his breath.

She swallows before she can talk again. “Fuuuuck, Vega, you know how to treat somebody right,” she sighs, all self-satisfaction.

“Damn straight,” he says, wondering how long it's gonna take before every inhale doesn't taste like her. He wipes his mouth on the back of his hand. Then he does it again because she's made a whole mess outta him.

She looks *wrecked* and he's very pleased with himself, thanks for asking. Her head's tipped back like she can't hold it up, and she's melted back into the couch. There's plenty of ways to get some R&R, and he's doing a good job at making sure Shepard gets at least one of 'em.

She squeezes the back of his neck. “C'mere. You deserve whatever the hell you want, after that.”

“I mean, I'd be down to fuck you, but if that's too much right after—“

She lifts her head, giving him a sharp, calculated glare. “I don't do ‘too much’.”

Maybe you oughta, he thinks.

He's not moving her, so he just shifts upward, putting her thighs over his, so she's practically back in his lap again.

She pulls on his shirt. “Take that off. I want a nice view.”

He gives her a nice view.

“Your tits are bigger than mine,” she says, and she has a real good laugh about it while he’s pulling his sweats down but not off, because he’d have to lean away to pull them off and that’s not happening.

“My everything’s bigger than yours.”

She’s wiggling her eyebrows at him and so he decides to rub that particular *bigger part* she’s thinking of against her cunt, sliding through her come and his spit. Gross, when you think about it, hot, when you don’t.

“Glad you’re a better shot with an assault rifle,” she says.

“Ey, I was doing that on purpose.”

“Why?”

“Are you telling me my moves aren’t working on you?”

“That’s exactly what I’m telling you,” she says. “C’mon, James, you got somebody hot and asking for it underneath you, and you’re grinding like you can’t figure out where to put it.”

“Don’t trash-talk me, you’re breakin’ my concentration.”

“You *have* concentration?”

She’s goading him, so he maybe moves a little too fast, but *god*, she feels too good to slow down, and the high, sharp gasp from her doesn’t sound like a hold-off order. He leans his forehead against hers and neither of them can say anything stupid or shitty because they’re too busy trying to figure out the ancient human paradox of how to fuck and breathe at the same time.

She figures it out first, which means she says, “yeah, that’s what I needed,” in this fucked-out groan before he can even form words to say back.

All he’s got for her is an echoing, “*yeah*,” but even if he had another response, she’s licking it out of his mouth.

He's lucky he's got core strength to spare, because Shepard, unsurprisingly, likes it hard. When they're not kissing, she's laughing at him for his near-constant rambling in Spanish, and he's laughing at her for her bitten-off curses in as many alien languages as she knows how to swear in (which is the primary thing Shepard knows in most alien languages). The Asari ones sound pretty on her tongue and the Turian ones sound weird out of a human's mouth and there's some he doesn't recognize that he thinks are Vorcha. Where the fuck some Blood Pack scout taught her to swear, he's got no clue. It's funny, though. He doesn't think he's laughed this much having sex before.

He tastes the sweat on her neck, gets her hair in his mouth for it, and she grabs his shoulders tight, knuckles curling like she knows not to dig her nails in because she's not sure where his still-relatively-new ink is. He's got one foot braced on the floor, one knee up on the couch cushion and he's fucking her so hard it's loud, and it's a dirty kind of turn-on.

She's got those thighs (just as powerful as they look) around his waist and she's keeping him close to her, so all he can get in are these jerky little half-thrusts but he doesn't give a fuck because it's enough.

He was right, the pulses of her orgasm *do* feel better around his cock. She's silent when she comes again, but only because she stuffs a hand over her mouth. Forgot this was her place and there's nothing to be quiet for, he expects. It's not the Normandy, where sound carries between decks even if the engines are loud enough that they oughta cover it.

In response, he decides he's gonna be loud as fuck. He pulls out of her, gets a hand around himself, *god his cock's so wet from being in her*, and when he comes he moans with everything he's got. It makes her give him that goofy crooked smile, so he's pleased.

"You're cleaning that up."

She's talking about his come all over her belly, which, yeah, he probably deserves that.

"Yeah, gimme a second."

He grabs paper towels from the kitchen and runs one under the sink, and when he comes back into the living room, he thinks she's asleep. She's got her head leaned back, her face hidden in the crook of her elbow. But she smiles when he comes closer, so she's awake enough to hear him.

He cleans up his mess. "So. How'd I do?" he asks, suddenly feeling a little shy around his commander who's also probably his closest friend who's also still a little shaky because he's just fucked her harder than he's gone on any other lady, because Shepard can take it.

"You're an overachiever," she says. "Did well enough on the first round and you just had to go for another one. That's why you're N7 material, Vega."

"Give you a third one if you want it," he offers.

"Fuck, no. You nailed the horny right outta me." She doesn't lift her head until he's already tossing the towels. "I worked up an appetite again somehow, though. Good thing we got leftovers."

"Lola, you're a genius." He plops down next to her, doesn't bother to get dressed, just grabs a slice. "Post-sex snack. I'm never not doing this again."

Shepard drops a slice of pepperoni on her stomach and hesitates for only the briefest second before picking it up and popping it in her mouth. Despite her still being naked, it definitively lands in the unsexy category.

"Honestly, James, when you said stress relief, I wasn't imagining this."

"Yeah, something tells me you kissing me like that wasn't exactly calculated." The pizza's cold but it's fine, James will eat day-old pizza right out of the fridge if you let him. "But clearly I didn't mind it. I mean. Yeah. Definitely not complaining."

"Long as you're ok with it," she said. "Want to stay the night?"

"Thought you weren't asking me for another round."

"I meant sleep." She doesn't eat the crust so he steals it. "There's other stuff you can do in a bed, Vega."

He rolls his eyes. “‘Nother beer before we turn in?”

She’s already headed to the fridge. “Yeah, I’ll grab you one.”

“Gracias.”

He turns his head to watch her go. It’s a nice view, alright? He’s not sure how long this friends-with-benefits thing’s gonna go on, but he’s gonna keep his eyes open while it lasts.

Somebody’s gotta keep an eye on their Commander, anyhow.

Author's Note:

I’m a weird nerd who’s writing a romance novel about the Iliad in which several Trojan princes fall in love with the same god and if that sounds fun to you I’m on Twitter @luddlestons and have a nsfw Twitter @luddlessmut